

more potent than we ourselves oft-times realize. As for the Rosary, recited as it should be with genuine meditation on each special mystery in the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious decades, it is safe to say that no other formula of praise or prayer is so agreeable to our Blessed Mother, or so likely to obtain for us the fullest granting of the requests we venture to lay at her feet.

It need not be said that during Our Lady's especially consecrated month, more if possible than at any other period of the ecclesiastical year, our prayers should be marked by the most undoubting confidence. Now, if ever, we may count with the fullest certitude on her benignant indulgence and ready acquiescence in such of our wishes as are compatible with our best interests. Now, if ever, we may plead—with the assurance of winning our Mother's infallible aid in rendering our pleading efficacious—for perseverance in grace; for strength and courage to shake off the pernicious lethargy of lukewarmness in God's service, or for the heroic effort to break for good with criminal

habits—with sin and the occasions of sin,—in the single, earnest effort of deserting forever the standard of Satan, and ranging ourselves for good and all beneath the white and golden banner of the Virgin-Mother and her omnipotent Son.

Slumbering somewhere in the consciousness of every Catholic who deserves the name, and underlying all the manifold reasons for our Marian devotion, lies the firm belief in the dictum of St. Bernard: that a person in whose interior life a tender love of the Mother of God is conspicuous is practically predestined; while the salvation of him who is wanting in that love is an affair of the utmost difficulty. Be it ours throughout the thrice-blessed decades of this festal month to kindle the spark of this saving love in our sin-desolated hearts; or to fan its fading embers into a bright and vivid and benificent flame. So shall our spiritual life resemble that of physical nature in taking on additional beauty and graciousness; So shall we perform our part in promoting the honor and glory of the Virgin-Queen of May.

EASTER.

BY REV. M. A. WALLACE.

The dawn of our triumph hath shone,
 'Tis the First of all Festival days,
 The new robe of joy put we on,
 And shout out the psalm of praise.
 The angel has come from his throne,
 The guards are all scattered and fled,
 Removed is the sepulchre's stone
 And Jesus awakes from the dead.

All life feels the pulse of delight,
 The forests are rapturous with song,
 The world is ecstatic and bright,
 Where sorrow and shadow lay long.
 The bondman has burst from his chains,
 And dashed the deep gloom from his brow;
 Young freedom is warbling her strains,
 And all is high jubilee now.

With charms earth and air are replete,
 The stream rolls more happily by,
 The wind has a whisper more sweet,
 New splendor illumines the sky.
 Our altars are bright as the morn,
 And sweeter and fairer than flow'rs,
 'Tis now that we truly are born,
 And more than was Eden is ours.

And hark to the sweet silver bells
 That summon the Christian to pray'r!
 While 'round us their euphony swells,
 Heav'n opes, and we seem to be there.
 With music of anthem and hymn,
 Awake, then, and welcome the day,
 Whose glory will never grow dim,
 Though heaven and earth pass away.